

t w i s t

Number One

\$2.00

Zine Publishers
Show "Pink" ???!

Brad Theissen:
The Thinking Man's Tim
Campbell

Zine Reviews

George Bush and Dan
Quayle: Washington
Size Queens

Map of Bareass Beach

Glamour!

Self-Indulgence!

More!



QUEER ZEITGEIST

	DRUG	ICON	RELATIVELY SAFE PLACE TO HAVE ANONYMOUS SEX	RELATIVELY RISKY PLACE TO HAVE ANONYMOUS SEX	SEX TOY	DISCREET SIGNAL	FETISH
50's	alcohol	James Dean	The Army	The Army	The Vibrator	Pinky Ring	leather
60's	acid	John Rechy	Big Daddy's	Y.M.C.A.	Vaseline	Wad of Keys	long hair
70's	poppers	Roger	Locker Room	Loring Park	The Fist	Hanky	leather
80's	coke	Pet Shop Boys	The Army	The Army	The Condom	ACT-UP T-shirt	leather
90's	acid	Henry Rollins	Triangle Fitness Center	Bareass Beach	The Dildo	pierced nipples	long hair

Letters and contributions may be sent to: David C. Howe, P.O. Box 2617, Minneapolis, MN 55402.
 © 1992 by David C. Howe. twist is published bimonthly with Death or Glory. Send \$2.00 for current issue. P
 state age.

STEP INTO MY JOCKSTRAP

For years, I've tried to dispel the myth that I'm some sort of a high-maintenance fag. Now, I know that I spend a half-hour in the bathroom everyday, but that includes shit, shower and shave! And its the only half hour I spend in there, thank you. On weekends, I skip the SSS routine and actually leave the house without showering or brushing my teeth. I feel positively yucky, but what's a boy to do if he wants to de-romanticize his image? (Hell, it doesn't work anyway - goddamn those Aryan genes!) I even get mistaken for the church-going type, married, straight, living in the suburbs. I guess hanging out with drag queens when I was young didn't do a thing for me.

I suppose I could get one of those funny haircuts or put a ring in my nose, but that's just not me. My veneer of normalcy has been nurtured for a lifetime. Maybe I could pierce my nipples...but I can't go around with my tits hanging out, can I? I work in a bank and the jewelry might get caught in one of the machines. Besides, I like to attract the nerdy, bookish types. (I confess that I have a crush on Elvis Costello.) I like to cruise (or a least flirt) in bookstores (not the adult kind, you pig) and watch bespeckled cuties shop for reading material. I follow them around discreetly, knocking off points if they spend too much time looking at Art or New Age books. I make sure he at least pauses at the Gay and Lesbian Studies section, hoping he'll snicker at the John Preston titles. Next he'll check out Fiction and Literature, and then the ultimate turn-on: Literary Criticism. Pseudo-intellectuals avoid this section like the plague, but Criticism is like Mecca to the hard-core nerd. "Yeah, man...work that Sontag. Read that Barthes - take the whole collection!"



Personals Awards

Leaf
Duty Diana
XX

Most Amusing Printing Error

Man to Man

VERY YOUNG LOOKING and acting 47 yr old WL. Me: Fem, long auburn hair, 5'11", 110 lbs. Looking for same. Interests: Rollerblading, canoeing, walking, TV, cooking, basic homebody. Photo appreciated. ET Box [redacted]

WL, 26, 5'7" recently uncaged, sleek black panther, on the prowl for love and adventure. Likes theatre, music, moonlit strolls. Desires soft tender female. ET Box [redacted]

LOOKIN' IN ALL the right places, but haven't found true love. Like me, she's Bi/L. 33-43, feminist, healthy boundaries, chem/pet free. NS, fit, friendly, very smart...Call for more. ET Box [redacted]

TIRED OF THE city scene? Gay bars, and people who play head games? WL 40+, chem free, professional, would like to correspond with someone late '30s-mid '40s You are somewhat feminine, 5'2"-5'6", like to dance, country western music, have good conversations over black coffee, camping, the NFL, the Twins, the outdoors and animals. North of Twin Cities. Write and see if we are right for each other. Respond and I will reciprocate. ET Box [redacted]

JAYNE: DECORATE MY life for another day. Just the way you did when you walked into my life. (I just can't seem to forget her... I want us back together!) I was wrong and now I want to make it right. Jayne...won't you decorate my life? I love you. Love, Me. ET Box [redacted]

YOU RESPONDED TO my ad re: art fairs to zoos—something wrong w/phone number. Please call again. ET Box [redacted]

WL 29, I enjoy life's simple pleasures, sunsets, beautiful summer nights walking and talking. Also enjoy fishing, bowling, golf and having a good time. I value honesty and openness. You? Let's get together! ET Box [redacted]

SWF, 32, PSYCHOLOGIST, 5'6", attractive, slender, physically fit, healthy holistic lifestyle, spiritual, growth orientated. Open to and can enjoy just about anything. Prefer you to be educated professional, 26-38, drug/disease free. Sincere written responses please, photo a must. ET Box [redacted]

UH-OHI I'm so attracted to you, I can hardly see straight. But there's more than one way to skin a cat. Anyway, it feels like home to me. Wow!—Guess who?

Longest Shopping List

EVERYONE SEEMS SO settled in and sure of where they're going. Not this one. I'm mid 30's and just now starting toward a career. Can only get together weekends. Would like to find a blue jean type 35-47 Humble, big heart, smiles, sinful streak but strong values. Straight appearance, masculine. Strong core, but by no means overpowering. No attitude problem. No suits or ties ever. Me: 5'11" 160# looking for long-term fun and closeness-not the perfect body or performance. Loner. Non-smoke, no bars. Stillwater, Redwing antique browsing. Outdoors, plains, trains, and autos realistic, country drives. [redacted]

GWM PROFESSIONAL 31 5'11"

Scariest

MISTER ED...
YOUNG, GENTLE, COAT FRESHLY
BRUSHED. I STOP, STARE, AMAZED AT THE SIZE! TREMBLE AT THE OPPORTUNITY. A FANTASY SO HOT. GOTTA CUM TRUE. NEED FARM FRIEND/VIDEO FREAK-GOTTA BE OUT THERE! SERIOUS-DISCREET-HOT LETTER/PHONE! [redacted]

PHOTOGRAPHED BY [redacted]

The Joey Heatherton Quest For Mental Health and Inner Peace Award (tie)

GWM, if I see one more ad who say they want someone who is good looking and 18-35, I will go nuts. I am a GWM looking for someone who wants to have sex with me. I am a bottom looking for a top. [redacted]

If I see one more ad from some fortyish or fiftyish who thinks he looks thirtyish and needs a twentyish on his arm, I will SCREAM! This fortyish (44) would like to meet other fortyish or fiftyish secure in who and what they are - happily, contentedly middle aged with perhaps small love handles and maybe a little (or lots) less hair than they once had. I have no initial prerequisites - they might prevent me from meeting you. [redacted]

Best Use of Political Correctness to Disguise Race Fetish

I AM FOND of Asian people so I want to meet Asian male for friendship. Live near Lakes in Mpls. Travel. [redacted]

Anal Retentive/Thinly Disguised Racist/Middlebrow Assimilationist Triathlon

GENTLEMAN...
First the negatives: smoking, excessive drinking, bad grammar, anything north of Glenwood, gambling, limosines, lonelines, team sports, american cards, unsafe sex/HIV+, general bad taste and middle class mentality. Musts: SPCO, MN. Orch. Mpls. Inst. Arts, Waker, tact, discretion, style. [redacted]

Most Eloquent Compromise

Been looking for love and have discovered that love is something that will only find me when I'm not looking for it. So, for now I'll mark time and settle for that which turns

me on about men...like...
Smooth bobs, nimble minds, full lips, eclectic amuses, thick thighs, compassionate hearts, grosse schwanzes, a twinkle in the eye, foreskin, worldly minds, big hands, a respectable demeanor with a dirty mind, big hips, a restrained aggressive personality, a fire in the belly. If you possess some of these, please write.
Me-35, dark, good shape, quick intelligence, goodlooking, finely tuned senses. [redacted]



Brad Theissen: The Thinking Man's Tim Campbell

Early this spring, someone dropped a house on the GLC Voice, soapbox to Tim Campbell, the Voice's publicity-hungry, politically (and grammatically) incorrect publisher. Since it is still tornado weather here in Minnesota, all good Queers are working to conjure up another twister to put an end to Twin Cities Gaze, soapbox to whiny, humorless, recently rehired phone sex entrepreneur Brad Theissen. (*The last name is pronounced like that of famous rapist Mike Tyson.*)

Though intended as an alternative to the iconoclastic yet ridiculous GLC Voice, Gaze quickly became a fun-house mirror reflection of the Voice. The Voice was famous for articles about pork being the cause of AIDS, for endlessly promoting its publisher's esoteric views and for regularly printing "Letters to the Editor" signed by the publisher himself. The Voice was a living self-parody; atrocious grammar, spelling, layout and typesetting were a given with every issue.

Gaze, on the other hand, is a little more carefully edited, but perpetually dull and outrageously inaccurate. In lieu of original news, the front cover "story" is usually verbatim press release material (e.g. the latest production at Unicorn Theater, strippers scheduled to play at the Gay 90's, etc.). Inside, more press releases abound along with occasional transcripts from the Gaze TV cable program, and Gaze BBS conversations.

Notice to readers of Twin Cities DAZE

There will be no paper printed on June 28. The Associated Press wire service is out of order, so that means no news has happened! Please use one of our other quality DAZE services, such as RadioDAZE, TV-DAZE, USA-TodayDAZE, TelephoneDAZE, MicrowaveOvenDAZE, or LightDAZE feminine napkins.

Our DAZE motto is: "You can never spread yourself too thin!"

The "hard news" stories, *From ET, April 1990* however, are known for their wild allegations and incompetent reporting. A Gaze story last summer following the Bareass shooting reported that, according to an "inside source", the assault on two men was a Mafia-style "hit" carried out with a shotgun. Though all facts available to even the most casual observer proved this to be impossible, Gaze has never corrected or retracted its story. And though a "scoop" on the identity of an "hate" letter's author proved to be completely wrong, this story also has not been retracted or corrected by Gaze.

The most alarming fact about Brad Theissen, however, is that he

expects that he is being taken seriously as a journalist despite his total ignorance of the most basic ethical, legal and practical principles of writing and publishing.

A letter to the editor, written to Brad in objection over his ghoulish exploitation of a local man's alleged "drug-related" death, was answered with a threat:

TWIN CITIES **GAZE** NEWSPAPER

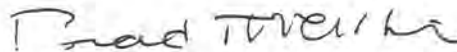
David C. Howe
1700 Stevens Ave S #306
Minneapolis, MN 55403

Dear David C. Howe:

Your letter to us dated December 12, 1990 contains a minimum of eleven mis-statements of fact.

Should this letter become published anywhere, we will invoke Minnesota Statutes to prosecute any and all parties involved.

Sincerely,



Brad Theissen

cc. Equal Time Newspaper

Twin Cities GAZE Newspaper • GAZE Newstand • GAZE-TV • GAZE Radio • GAZE USA • GAZE BBS
9 N. 4th St. #212, Minneapolis, MN 55401 • (612) 336-4006 / 336-5292 FAX / 338-4127 BBS

Interestingly, Theissen and Campbell, though they were competitors for years, never had much to say about each other in print. But when, in March 1992, Campbell announced that he is shutting down the GLC Voice, Brad really let his newly-restored hair down:

Indeed, we may have cause to be afraid. Brad Theissen has already been courted by the major media (see sidebar). In his editorial last summer for the Strib, former bathhouse patron Theissen told us that those of us who find partners in public places are sick and are confused about our identities. Fearsome indeed.

[illegible]

Disappointingly, Brad doesn't tell us what our **Third** or **Fourth Greatest Fears** are, but the article gets pretty trippy when Brad tells us of his termination and eviction from the Gay 90's:

He calls his release from the 90's (where he was DJ) and the eviction of Gaze Industries from the '90's building "corporate political aggression". But why would the '90's evict a rent-paying tenant and fire a DJ they've had for years?

Hip DJ Terms

dinge - black person(s)

ex. "Look at all that dinge on my dance floor."

dinge queen - white man attracted to black man

ex. "Oh, she's a dinge queen."

Isn't "corporate political aggression" a little vague, Brad? What are you not telling us? Wait a minute! Isn't your article supposed to be about Tim Campbell?

Triangle Fitness "on hold"

Plans to reopen the Triangle Fitness Center, the Twin Cities only gay-owned and operated health club, were put on hold over the Christmas and New Year holidays.

"No one on the [fitness center] staff has come to me with any new plans," said Triangle owner Brad Thiessen. "They've all been busy with their families over the holidays." Thiessen also added that he'd been out of town recently for a vacation, and upon his return most of his time was spent upgrading the Twin Cities GAZE BBS, a local computer bulletin board.

Triangle Fitness Center opened in August of last year at 2604 Lyndale Ave. S. in Minneapolis, only to close a few months later due to a disagreement between Thiessen and Ken Sherman, the building's owner.

—David Cummer

A puff piece on Triangle Fitness Center aired on WCCO-TV after the Bare Ass shootings last summer. The owner was said to want to get gay men "off the streets and into the gym". At the gym, these men could expect jockstrap-only workouts, late night hot tub parties and shortest one-year memberships on record. Several well-place press releases smoothed things over with the public after Triangle Fitness Center suddenly closed.

I cringe when I tell people this, but I wrote for Gaze. I can't say anything bad about the experience, but I've become alarmed that Thiessen has become his adversary.

Tim Campbell was always an iconoclast. (So much so that he told me - in response to a letter I once wrote - that good journalism is a concession to straights.) But Thiessen demands money and recognition in exchange for nothing.

THEISSEN INDUSTRIES NECROLOGY

The Second Story
DJ Dance Shop
The Little General Store
Unicorn Theater
Gaze USA
Triangle Fitness Center
Hot Times
Gaze Radio

MILLION-DOLLAR MUFFS STRIKE AGAIN

We don't give up. As long as Larry Flynt has money and celebrity cunts have pussy, we'll pay to see it. HUSTLER Magazine hereby offers \$1 million to the first of our 12 selected big-shot twats who peels back her famous flaps for our crack photographers and poses HUSTLER-style for publication.

This offer expires December 31, 1990, and only the first taker among our dirty dozen will be eligible to snag the mega-cash. Hurry, dahling, flash your gash. Which one of you shall we see?



Lisa Bonet: Let's see which half of *Cosby's* kid is Jewish.



Kimberly Conrad: With his mag on the skids, hubby Hefner could probably use the money.



Larry Flynt: Give the public something to distinguish her from Kim Basinger.



TEG: They say he's a man; how can we be sure?

Robert Kirby: A chance to squelch those nasty steroid rumors.



Ms. Pif: Show us quick, before it bloats up again!



Kim Basinger: Fuck the Bat Cave; give us Kim's quim tunnel.



Dirty Dix: Cheerleader to disco diva to split beaver?



Tim Campbell: Is the cunt big enough to hold the ego?

David H. Or is she saving it for some big-nosed tongue of sappho?



Maria Shriver: Has Schwarzenegger stretched out this Kennedy-spawn's squack?

Alphonse: VP Dan gets in 18 holes a day; he'll never miss this one.

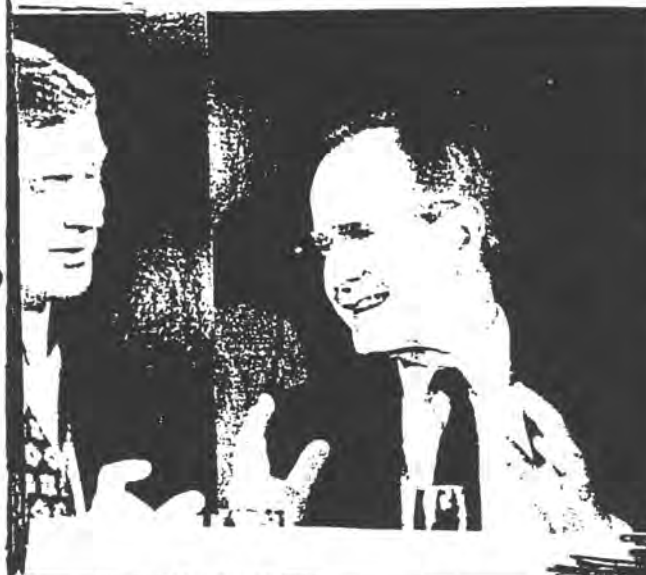


HE'S HUNG
LIKE A HORSE,
LOVES MY CATS,
AND HE PUTS
THE SEAT UP!

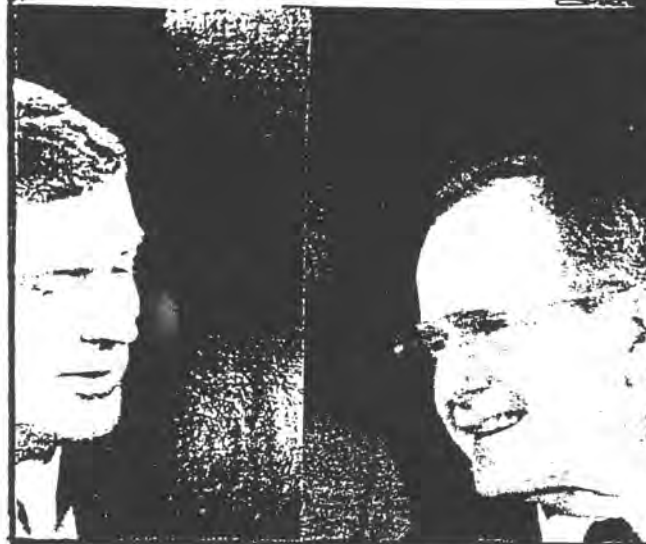
HE DOES HAIR!



WHAT DOES
HE DO?



YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS!



FREE AVEDA
PRODUCTS!

DD 1992

OBLIGATORY ZINE REVIEW PAGE

Profane Existence Not necessarily Queer, but with lots of Queer content. This Minneapolis-based, nationally-distributed anarchist punk paper has a great sense of humor and a bad attitude. **PF** is a little preoccupied with esoteric sexuality (threesomes, fetishes, body piercing), but then, who isn't? Free in the Twin Cities (at May Day books and god knows where else) or \$3.00 to Profane Existence, POB 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55404.

Holy Titclamps Sweet Queer punks on the rampage. You just want to cuddle this zine's little Mohawked head. Most of the work is from contributors, so the quality varies widely. In issue #10, the first published in California, Lar-Bob gently scolds those zine publishers who tell people to write to **HT** for zine reviews rather than compile their own review pages. Also included is a constructive and diplomatic critique of Spew 2 (see **Bundle of Sticks** #5 for a more visceral perspective) and the usual letters from prisoners. Send \$2.00 to: Larry-Bob, Box 591275, SF, CA 94159-1275.

Bundle of Sticks The last 2 issues of **BOS** (#4 and #5) have each cost me a night's sleep. Intense, honest, frightening, wise and beautiful, **BOS** is exactly what a personal zine should be. Before I drown in superlatives, let me say that some of the best work I've read anywhere in a long time has been in **BOS**. An important piece of Secret History is being written by publisher TEG. Issue 5 contains an incredible story about Spew 2 and a creepy little act of revenge called "Blue Neon". The voice that emerges is like an unholy union of Holden Caulfield and Travis Bickle. (In person, though, TEG isn't so scary.) An anti-scene zine from Hell. Send \$3.00 (if you dare!) to Bundle of Sticks, 54 S. 9th St. Suite 132, Minneapolis, MN 55402.

Demure Butchness Timmer and his alter egos Alphonse and Ms. Epiphany are desperate for dates. A sorely needed humor zine which pokes fun at the local scene as well as at local Queer and assimilationist media. These Girls publish not out of a need to express themselves but out of a need for attention. What else do you expect from THEATER PEOPLE? Send your hard-earned dollars (2 of 'em) to Demure Butchness, POB 2049, Minneapolis, MN 55402.

Strange Looking Exile Though I'm not acquainted w/publisher Robert Kirby, I've taken the liberty of poking fun at him elsewhere in **twist** anyway. A comics zine with drawings of an adorable protagonist, presumably the author. \$2 to Robert Kirby, POB 30006, Minneapolis, MN 55403.

Taste of Latex Weirdest fucking shit I've ever seen! Last issue I saw featured a story about a lesbian who dresses as a boy to lure Queer daddies. Ambisexuality of every persuasion. \$4 to TOL, POB 460122, SF, CA 94146.

Girljock That's girl as in Real Girl, girl. \$3 to Rox-a-Tronic, 2060 3rd St., Berkeley, CA 94710.

Diseased Pariah News Gag-inducing humor zine by and for the HIV+ set. Zine cover of the year! Homophobic Fascist Buttfuckee Roy Cohn and Whiny, Homophobic Dental Patient Kimberly Bergilis: "Together For Eternity". Tips on shopping for and maintaining your dildo(s); superfatening recipes ("Get Fat - Don't Die"); Porn Potato (my favorite) and "How I Got AIDS" by porn star Scott O'Hara ("The Biggest Cock in San Francisco"). Send \$3.00 to Diseased Pariah News, Box 31431, SF, CA 94131.

Hot Dog Small format B & W (what else?) beefcake collages. \$2 to 1918 2nd Ave. S. (Hey! I used to live in that building!), Minneapolis, MN 55403.

Your Face, My Ass Aging punks Kevin and Matthew need some encouragement to get their oral/anal sexzine underway. Send letter of encouragement, dental dams and submissions c/o twist.

STH (Straight to Hell, The Manhattan Review of Unnatural Acts) Having been around for decades, this porn/sociology periodical founded by Rev. Boyd McDonald may be the first Queer zine. True sex stories of endless variety. Cerebral, moving, funny, disgusting and arousing. \$3 to STH, POB 20424, NYC 10023.

HOMOtore First-hand stories reminiscent of STH, SF/NYC club gossip, personal politics. Nicely assembled and illustrated. \$4 to HOMOtore, POB 191781, SF, CA 94119.

Ecce Queer Beautifully assembled computer-illustrated zine by men and women. #3 has much political writing (Queer Nation, etc.), some good poetry (rare in zinedom), and a tale of AIDS terror. Also includes tongue-in-cheek black magic possibly offensive to Darksidiers. \$3.50 to 1925 8th Ave., Floor 2, Seattle, WA 98101.

No Apology Tiny first issue (only a few pages). Male/female contributors display anarchist/adolescent disgust. Nothing new, but readable, promising. \$.50 to Resident, POB 14308, Dinkytown Ste., Minneapolis, MN 55414.

Oubliette \$5.00 to: Dolo Blue Graphics, POB 80023, Minneapolis, MN 55408-8023. Beautifully done comix zine (one-shot?) by male and female artists from all over the world. Matter-of-fact Queerness throughout.

Baby Sue Comix \$1 cash for sample issue. POB 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-1111. "Hateful, violent" comix published by "Dr. Don W. Seven." Frequently pointless, repugnant and witless; guaranteed to offend the most jaded reader. Feature on "black speak" in vol. 3, No. 3 goes beyond routine offensiveness into the abyss of ignorance and hatred. I sense there's a point to Baby Sue, but it eludes me.

FRANKLIN AVENUE

EAST RIVER ROAD (NO PARKING AFTER MIDNIGHT!)

Main Entrance PARKING
Secret Entrance

FRONTIERLAND

Disagree, Police
sign Asking us to
Help Control Emission

ADVENTURELAND

Arcade

The Haze

The Back Room

FANTASYLAND

Enchanted
Bustles

Door #2

Door #3

Beach

Door #1

New Condons

Used Condons

Cruising
Culvert

MPD
"BOAT
LAUNCH"

Beach

Calif
Developing
Ramp

Bareass Annex

(Beware
of Trolls)

Secret Staircase

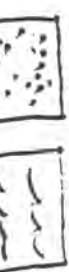
Message
Board

(Daytime Entertainment)

Mississippi River

BAREASS
BEACH
Minneapolis, Minnesota

MPD Barge w/ Searchlight



NEXT

Dirty Diana on the Codependent
Lesbian Aesthetic

Inflammatory Gossip

Nerd Worship

Letter (or Summons) From Brad Theissen

Creepy Graphics

Cyberdelic Substances

My Porn Collection, Part II:
The Law of Return

NEXT

Death or Glory

PLEASE DO NOT TAKE
FOR QUEER SPACE ONLY

Number One

\$2.00



My Porn Collection: Part One

Adults Only

1969-70
David C. Howe
Box 2617
Minneapolis, MN 55402

READ THIS BEFORE OPENING

WARNING

OP

WARNING!

This envelope contains a

"SEXUALLY ORIENTED AD" - FOR ADULTS ONLY

DO NOT OPEN UNLESS YOU ARE AT LEAST 19 YEARS OLD AND INTERESTED IN SEEING WHAT MAY BE DEEMED A SEXUALLY ORIENTED AD UNDER THE NEW POSTAL LAW !!

This law is concerned with seeing that sexually oriented advertisements are not thrust upon minors or persons not desiring such advertisements. Accordingly, if you are less than 19 years of age or if you do not desire to view a sexually oriented advertisement, please be kind enough to return this inner envelope without opening it, together with the computer address label showing your name and address on the order card. We will remove your name from our mailing list and make every effort to see that you do not receive any more sexually oriented advertisements from us.

THANK YOU.

STEP INTO MY PSYCHE



The photo on the cover of this issue is of the DoGman. Agnostic magician and benevolent despot of DoG. This issue is dedicated to the cruel and beautiful soul who dropped spores on my psychik landscape. The dung has been inoculated and the mycelial mat has produced primordia. I've been eviscerated and every organ is exposed. The wounds aren't going to heal - they feel good. I am normal. I am DoGman.

The DoGman is a sender of mixed signals, soul-eater, ass-eater, liar, poseur, loner, executioner, genetically predisposed to a long life, a cool disposition, racism and bowel cancer. He was called upon to remain on the material plane. He is egocentric, vacuous, pitiable, libelous. A bloodthirsty, druggie, piss-drinking redneck buttfucking concubine, a dealer, a glutton, a miser, a pig, a pornographer. He is an angel when he sleeps, a zombie when he's awake.

Don't tell him about yourself. He'll tell you about yourself.

And stand back...you might get splattered.

MY PORN COLLECTION

The following video fantasy is being presented as a viable alternative to actual sexual contact with another person(s). This is presented solely as a visual fantasy. Some of the precautions taken by the producers in the preparation of this visual fantasy may have been influenced by editorial considerations but have been used continuously throughout the production of this video.

Part One:
Porno Chic
or
Why Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
Reminds Me of Pud

I was eleven years old when I had my first glimpse at hardcore pornography. I had gone up to the loft in my garage in search of my Dad's old **Playboys**. Though I usually went to the loft with the other kids in my neighborhood, I went alone this time. The last time we viewed them, I became very excited when I saw pictures that had men and women in them. The pictures of women were interesting, but I wanted to be alone to search the magazines for pictures of naked men.

Dear Friend,

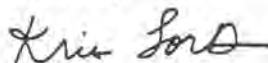
This past summer I had the incredible chance to star in **Falcon's** newest video, **Down Home**. It was great to become one of the Falcon family and to work on location in some of the most beautiful countryside in the United States.

I was thrilled to work with the best production team in the business and to co-star with men like Jeff Hammond, Adam Archer, and Danny Somers. I had a lot of fun making this video, and I know you'll love it, too!

Bill Clayton at Falcon has told me that you're one of their very best customers, and that's why I'm sending along the enclosed 8 x 10 glossy which I've personally autographed!

I hope you'll be seeing me soon in **Down Home**! Your illustrated brochure will be on its way to you any day!

Sincerely,



Kris Lord

I was very surprised when I found, instead of a stack of **Playboys**, a stack of hardcore magazines. I was surprised, disappointed and somewhat disbelieving that this stuff was really pornography. I had heard the word so often on television that I was expecting something more than just pictures of people having sex.

My favorite of the magazines, called **Four on the Floor**, had a picture on the back cover of a woman with her lips on a very large, erect penis. Out of the dickhead came crawling a stream of white sperm, wriggling across the woman's cheek. The next day at the lunch table, I almost threw up when I realized that the noodles in Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup look just like the sperm that was slithering across that woman's face. I didn't understand why I was so drawn to the magazines, but I wanted to find my own hiding place so I could keep them for myself.

Fortunately, my Dad was remodeling my basement bedroom at the time. As he positioned the paneling (white with blue knotty pine patterns

painted on - I picked it out), I watched for little places where I could hide my newly discovered porn: the gap above the dropped ceiling; the tiny space above the window between the cinder blocks and the strip of paneling at the top. Before the remodeling

was finished, however, the magazines disappeared. I figured that, somehow, my Dad knew that I had seen the magazines. Maybe he noticed that they had been moved or that they were stacked in a different order.

Though I assumed that the magazines belonged to my Dad, I suppose they could also have been my Mom's. Perhaps during the remodeling, my Dad had cause to go to the loft and found them there.

That scenario is, in fact, very likely. My Mom was more fad-conscious than my Dad. She was into hot pants, wigs and had her hair cut in a "short Shag." Unlike my Dad, she listened to rock stations and hung out with the people that she worked with on her night job. She even told my Dad, late one night as I listened from my room, about smoking pot. She said, "First you go www.wwwwwwwww.com and then you hold it for as long as you can. And then you let it out. It's really, really neat." (The next day, she bought a Jimi Hendrix record.)

I also recall hearing her talk about going with her girlfriends to see *Deep Throat*. This was during a footnote in the history of pop culture known as *Porno Chic*. Pornography had become acceptable, even trendy, among the middle class. Almost nightly, while listening to the TV from my bedroom, I heard people on Johnny Carson discuss pornography. One night I heard some woman with an English accent (Lynn Redgrave? Petula Clark?) saying that most American movies are "crappy." Johnny asked her what was the last film she saw in America. She said, "*Deep Throat*," and the audience roared.

If Bill Burroughs wrote copy for Falcon brochures

It's afternoon and Luke Bender's lover's ass muscles so he can after they get a glimpse of Rex, Rex Brad is on fir now as his ass beer and these two can't wait for Bradick to give it to him. Masters and dominating demeanor takes chout warning plunges full speed possible on the couch. Rad on his first thrust, sending he has Danny on his knees lickingming from the invasion. Long He grabs his head and has him take soon has Brad moaning deep has Luke hynotised and Bender stable submission. Masters knows the ass flash as he orders Brown hard and continues to ram it cheeks wide exposing his pink little intense and Masters blasts Danny soon gets what he asked fos from his hug monster cock... Animalistic, gyrating, pounding, ravis eager ass, loosening his untamed wild horse. The writhing take the mammoth meat. Submit and the unlead heavy streis high in the air begging...what timing. Brad arrives and steadies himself with the phone rings and it's B ahead, sinking deep in B early. The three guys split. P Mitchell reeling and scre but everyone has gone. He's rdeep thrusts by Masters sinside the house. Not two minutes later the guttural groans of pleasura guys but it's his lover. Surprise his lover likes it deep and adequately and they retire to to him until the heat is too unwind and Rex is still chargedforth with hot creamy bursts these two magnificent men int.

Until I found those magazines, I hadn't a clue as to what porn was. **Deep Throat** was a mystery; I had no idea what it was about or even what the title meant. Since our local newspaper didn't allow photos or artwork to accompany ads for X-rated movies, all I knew was that **Deep Throat** starred "Lovely Linda Lovelace". Perhaps because the X-rated movie ads had sunbursts that said, "These films contain serious social and scientific themes," I assumed that there was something very important and very "adult" about these films that I would discover when I became an adult.

The movie ads and all the talk about porn on television had fascinated me. I even had a dream once that I was watching **Deep Throat** in a theater. In the dream, I watched a pretty, dark-haired woman (who looked like Suzanne Pleshette) in a maternity dress on the screen. She is in her kitchen doing the ironing when the doorbell rings. A neighbor lady walks in and they have a cryptic, incomprehensible conversation. Soon I fade out of the movie-watching experience as the "story" on screen develops and suddenly find myself outside on the street. I watch Suzanne Pleshette say goodbye to someone and then get in her car.

That summer at YMCA camp, I learned from one of the counselors what "deep throat" means. After lights-out, the other boys in the cabin, the counselors and myself started telling jokes. One of the counselors told a Nixon joke that got the whole group talking about sex.

"Hey, did you hear that Nixon had to see **Deep Throat** eight times before he could get it down Pat?" Naturally, this went over all our heads and he had to explain it. Soon the expressions "intercourse", "blow job" (which, I was told, is when a woman puts a man's penis in her mouth and then blows as hard as she can), and "balling" were all introduced to me. We even got one of the counselors - the one with the worn-out spot on his cutoffs from his wallet - to "admit" that he had "balled" a girl. (In the middle of the week, a new counselor-in-training named Bruce joined our cabin. A handsome, quiet Marine type, he always seemed to be looking at me. Every morning, he would lay back on his cot, with his hands clasped behind his neck, and watch the boys as they changed their underwear.)

I noticed one day, while looking at the movie ads, that **Kidnapped** was playing at one of the Adult Theaters. I was sure it was the Robert Louis Stevenson story, but couldn't understand why it was rated X - it was a children's book. I had vague feelings about what sort of "dirty" things went on in these movies and it chilled me to think that this was a movie about kidnaper victims being used for "dirty" things.

Soon, I was consuming "dirty" magazines ravenously. (They were easily found in the woods near our house.) Even when I didn't have access to the piles of magazines in our "forts" in the woods, I combed the books and magazines in the house for nude photos and sex talk. Three boys who lived with their divorced mother (the first divorce, until my parents', on the block) two houses from me had a subscription to **Sports Illustrated**. I never understood the fascination with sports, but there was always something erotic about **Sports Illustrated**. I remember pawing through old

issues looking for pictures of swimmers (Mark Spitz was an early crush) and basketball players.

One day, the youngest of the boys, Scott, went to the mailbox to pick up the mail; the new **Sports Illustrated** was there. He paged through it and came across a full-page black and white shot of a man lifting a barbell from waist level. He was grimacing as if in pain and, as far as one could see, naked (the photo was cropped just above the pubic area) Scott, grabbing at his dick through his jeans said, "Every time I see a naked man my dink grows." (His mother, by the way, was a Playgirl subscriber.)

Shortly before my first porn experience, I had just learned about sex. While camping out in the yard of some of my parents' friends, my tent-partner, a few years older than I, asked me, "Have your parents told you about fucking yet?"

I had heard the work "fuck" a few times, but had no idea that it actually described something that someone does. He continued, "Do you realize what your parents went through to get you born?"

I continued to listen, but imagined, as I had ever since I remember, that when a woman wants a baby, she goes to the hospital, they open her up, put in a baby and when the baby is ready, they take it out. (This explained the scars that my Mom and most of my Mom's friends have.)

He said, "A man puts his dick in the woman's cunt and that's what makes a baby." When he said that, I tried to imagine his parents telling him and his brothers about "fucking" and using words like "cock" and "cunt".

Dead Porn Stars:

Tony Bravo
Casey Donovan
Christopher Rage
Frank Vickers
J.W. (Jim) King
Lee Ryder
Leo Ford
Johnny Wadd (Holmes)
Luke
Kurt Marshall
Eric Stryker
Dick Fisk *
Dick Masters **

* Killed in car accident

** Died of congenital disease

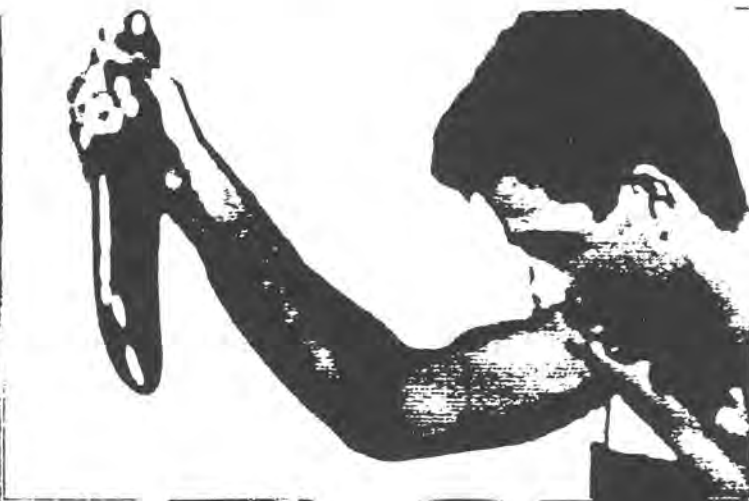
LUKE BENDER

If he was remembered only as the man who deep-throated Jeff Stryker, Luke Bender's place in porn history would be set. Despite his hungry gobbling in the Stryker epic (Powerful II), he became the Top Man From Hell. A young, clean-cut, foul-mouthed yuppie who wants to slip his hand and his head inside you.



Bender is the new master of the POWERFUCK. The deep persistent, fast-plunging, prostate-popping kind of fuck that was the a mainstay of porn loops in the '70's. Inexplicably neglected in the age of video, the POWERFUCK made Roger, Al Parker, Dick Fisk and Rick Donovan famous; it made them Queer folk heroes. Of course, the chilly Chad Douglas made an impression in Giant Splash Shots II and Jeff Stryker mustered up enough stamina for a powerfuck climax to Bigger Than Life, but only Bender puts his partners through a marathon of endurance.

Bender even displays enough wit to make you giggle while you shoot. "Yeah," he says to his partner in Plunge. "Take that big piece of latex," as a rubber dick the size of your arm slides into the man's ass. "Come on, release that anal tension," he commands Mark Baxter in Private Workout. Bender then proceeds to penetrate Baxter with two hands.



deeper for Bender's black-gloved hands. Luke pulls a leather dildo from his supplies and zeros in on Mark's ass, fanning the open hole wider and deeper with every thrust. Sucking Mark's ass manages to suck in the giant latex dildo which Mark begs Luke to give him the real thing. Luke's huge thick rod of man-flesh. Luke pulls the dildo out and pines Mark's tight, numbing it mercilessly until the excitement climaxes in a steady flow of hot cream spewing forth from the two studs' hot, hard cocks. Mark got a total misspelling, all right, Luke and out.



Having exhausted the limits of polite kink at Falcon Studios (makers of the above videos), Bender has gone underground with a new image. Just what you want to see: he's a bondage and humiliation slave for Zeus Video. He gets bound, gagged, whipped, beaten and verbally abused. Serves the arrogant motherfucker right to be turned into a sniveling, shaking animal. The brochure for his latest Zeus opus shows Bender on the floor, his ass spread wide for his master. The copy accompanying the photo promises that Bender will endure "toilet training." But, in the photo, he's not looking at his master. He's looking at you. He wants you to see him torn apart.



His master's name is Tom of Hamburg. Fuck him hard for me, Tom.



Your photo will appear in one of our future advertisements

